

Uncatalogued / miscellaneous song book. Not in binder or folder. Small pocket size.

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: includes intro, drinking games, and song texts.

20 pages

[Post 1973, when (Best Guess)
188th Tactical Fighter Squadron
National Guard
New Mexico
Received the A-7 Corsair

TACO



SONGBOOK

The Fighter Pilot

Say what you will about him: arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun loving fool to boot - he has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of fifty years he has given this country some of it's proudest moments and most cherished military traditions. But fame is short-lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 fighter pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940, and gave in the words of Winston Churchill, England "It's finest hour." Gone from the hardstands at Duxford, are the 51's with their checkerboard noses that terrorized the finest fighter squadrons the Luftaffe had. Dimly remembered - the Fourth Fighter Group that gave Americans some of their few proud moments in the skies over Korea. How fresh in recall are the air commandos who valiantly struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rain and blood soaked valley called A-Shau? And how long will be remembered the "Phantoms" and "Thuds" over "Route Pack Six" and the flack filled skies over Hanoi? Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger, and Tally Ho. So here's to you my friend, and your spirit, enthusiasm, sacrifice, and courage - but most of all to your friendship. Your's is a dying breed and when you are gone - the world will be a lesser place!

Friar Tuck

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This song book is dedicated to The Fighter Pilot, to the "TACO'S" and welcomed to any aviator who has had the courage, drive and determination to strap himself to a fighter and explore beyond the boundaries of earth bound mortals below.

Since this book contains songs that are off color and sacred to all Fighter Jocks, it will have no meaning or social redeeming value to you "Shoe Clerks". Perfect, this book is not for you.

DRINKING GAMES AND RISK SPORTS

TACO KOREAN - (Fours are Free)

ROLL 5 DICE

- * The highest total score at the end of the game - buys.
- * All fours count as zero and should be pulled
- * On each roll you have to roll only one die which adds to your point
- * Collect all of the dice after pulling all 4's and rolling one die and re-roll until you are out of dice

OUIJONGBU - KOREAN (Threes are Free) ROLL 5 DICE

- * Same as TACO Korean but with threes instead of fours

"The penalty for not knowing the extreme ranges of your aircraft's capabilities, combined with your own skill, courage, talent and aggressiveness is a wrecked airplane and sometimes a dead pilot."

Brig Gen Robin Olds, USAF

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COMBAT RULES - If you violate Combat Rules, YOU BUY

- * Pre-flight your ordnance
- * Stacking your dice
- * Rolling the dice off of the table
- * Asking the point
- * Insulting the dice (rolling if there is no way to loose)
- * Pulling the dice instead of rolling over your point

If you have any questions about Combat Rules - Just ask a Fighter Pilot

NICKELS - Fives are Free

ROLL 5 DICE

- * All fives are free and should be pulled
- * If there are no fives, then you pull the lowest point die
- * Repeat this until there are no more die to roll or pull
- * The highest point total at the end buys

MIG 21 (21 Aces)

ROLL 5 DICE

- * Roll all of the dice, if you have a 1 or several 1's then you count backwards from 21 (i.e. 21, 20, 19 etc)
- * You keep rolling and counting backwards until you have no 1's - Then pass the cup to the next player
- * Keep rolling 5 dice until the 17th ace is rolled, then only four dice are rolled. One die is removed for each ace
- * The person rolling the 21st ace buys

"Even a Weak Dick at six o'clock is dangerous."

Anonymous

MAJORCA ACES

- *Same as MIG 21 except the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in the drink, the 14th ace pays for the drink and the 21st ace drinks it

DOLLAR BILL GAME

The hammer (holder of the bill) will ask the person to his left or right: "First two or last two."(first or last two serial numbers of the bill he is holding) This will establish the number. He will then ask the person on his opposite side to begin guessing a number between 00 and 99. The hammer will then state that the called number was high or low. This will continue until some lucky fool "shacks" the point on the bill. He buys the round. If the guessing comes back to the hammer, the hammer must select the next closest number to the point in the direction of the last call. (i.e. point 44, guess was 22 which was low, now the hammer must take 23)

DOLLAR BILL GAME-COMBAT RULES

- * First two or last two are determined prior to pulling out the dollar bill
- * Hammer gets one look only and places the bill face down on the table
- * If the hammer forgets the number - he buys
- * If anyone asks high or low-they buy. Game goes on
- * Hammer can lie - (A real Fighter Pilot)
- * Guessing outside high/low bracket - you buy
- * You may challenge-you lose ,you buy-you win hammer buys double

DECEASED INSECT

* Just ask and Fighter Pilot. He will be more than happy
to give you a live demonstration

TACO TOASTS

BURNING PILES

May the burning piles possess you
may corns adorn your feet
May crabs as big as horse turds
climb upon your balls and eat
And when your old and feeble
and near a physical wreck
May your head fall through your asshole
and break your fucking neck?

TO THE QUEEN

Here's to the hole that never heals
the more you rub the better it feels
There is no soap this side of Hell
that will wash away that fishy smell
Syphillis, Blue Balls, Crabs, and Lice
we've had them all by Jesus Christ
(WITH GLASSES RAISED)
GENTLEMEN THE QUEEN!

"99% of S.A. in knowing what's going on."
Joe Shit The Ragman

TO MEG

Here's to Meg that slimy skeg
that dirty rotten bitch
Between her toes green fungus grows
and in her crotch the itch
Before I'd climb those scaly legs
and suck those festered tits
I'd drink a quart of drunkards puke
and die of drizzly shits

HERE'S TO THE GIRL I LOVE

Here's to the girl that I love the best
I'd fuck her east, I'd fuck her west
I'd fuck her standing, sitting, lying
If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying
And when she is dead but not forgotten
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my somber mood,
When I ramble sit and think,
Here's to me in my drunken mood,
When I gamble sin and drink,
But when my flying days are over,
And from this world I pass,
I hope they bury me up side down,
So the whole damn world can kiss my ass!

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits
And the hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp
With a rusty spoon, With a rusty spoon

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely and stately like the Dome of St. Paul
The Women all muster, to view that great cluster
Oh they stand and they stare at the bloody great pair
OF O'LEARYS BALLS

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas around her fundamental orifice
Do a double back flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big Son-of-a-bitch, Twice as big as me
Hair around her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me

HAIL BRITANIA

Hail, Britania, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up her asshole
BAM, BAM, BAM

2nd Verse—BAM, BAM
3rd Verse—BAM,
4th Verse—SILENCE

"A mans flying ability may be perfect. He may be able to control the machine and handle it like no one else on earth, but if he goes into a fight and risks his life many times to get into the right position for a good shot and then upon arriving there, cannot hit his mark, he is useless!"

BILLY BISHOP

THE FIREMAN'S SONG

Clang, Clang, Bang, Bang...and the Goddam fire went out
Oh, for the life of a Fireman
To ride on a fire enging red
To say to a team of white horses,
GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD

My father was a Fireman,..He puts out fires
My brother was a Fireman, ..He puts out fires
My sister Sal was a Fireman's gas,..She puts out too....
With-out--her--pants-on.....!

MIDNIGHT IN ALBUQUERQUE

It was midnight in Albuquerque, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Col. ___ and this is what he said:
Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all
Sabres, Super Sabres, and the pilots shouted BALLS!
Then up stepped a young lieutenant
With a voice a harsh as brass,
"You can take those Super Sabres Jack and shove them
up your ass!"

CHORUS

Oh, Halleluia, oh, halleluia, Throw a nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilots ass.
Oh, Halleluia, oh, halleluia, Throw a nickle on the grass
Save a figher pilots ass.

THE HARD AND FAST RULES OF DACT

*There is no need to check six since we have no ordnance
that fires in that direction.

* No matter how cosmic you are, a lower wing loaded
airplane will always give you a square corner.

* Excess energy is undesireable because you have to
figure out something to do with it.

* PDCS weak dicks or Twin Tail Butt Pirates can loose the
fight but win at the chalk board or have an excuse that will
make your dick hard.

O'LEARY'S BAR

It was a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
Get out! You can't stay where you are

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a genrleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said

Her mother never told her
The things that a young girl should know
About the ways of Air Guard Pilots
And how they come and go, mostly come

Now age has taken her beauty away
And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash)
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys
And let them sleep under the bar
(Without her pants on)

FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN

There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
Until he fucked a gril from out of town.

CHORUS

Ha, ha, ha, Ho, ho, ho, Horseshit!
That dirty old son-of-a-bitch.
That rotten old cocksucker.
Aw FUCK HIM!

He laid her on the downy bed (X3)
And, then, he busted up her maidenhead (X3)

CHORUS

He laid her on the dewy grass (X3)
And, then, he shoved his pecker up her ass (x3)

CHORUS

He laid her up against a stump (X3)
And, then, he missed her ass and hit the stump (X3)

CHORUS

They laid her in the cold, cold ground (X3)
And, then, he fucked her on the way down (X3)

CHORUS

"I'd rather have a sister in a whorehouse, than a brother who
is an Eagle Driver" Unknown

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ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
She went to the Doctor, cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass
(CHORUS)

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so handsome, he looked up so shy
And a great piece of shit hit him right in the eye
(CHORUS)

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
He called that fair maiden a dirty old whore
And 'neath London Bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

It was brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit all around
The whole world was covered with
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

*Fighter Pilots have to rove the area allotted to them in any way
they like, and when they spot an enemy, they attack and shoot
him down. - ANYTHING ELSE IS RUBBISH*
Baron Manfred von Richthofen

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DEAR MOM

Dear Mom your son is dead, he bought the farm today
he crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Min highway
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass,
 MMM, MMM, MMM
He went across the fence to see what he could see,
 and there it was as plain as it could be.
It was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load,
 MMM, MMM, MMM
He got right on the horn, and gave ole DASC a call,
 "Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled"
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send you Litter flight"
 FOR I AM THE POWER!
The fighters checked right in, GUNFIGHTERS two by two,
 low on gas, and a tanker overdue
They asked the FAC to mark just where the truck was parked
 MMM, MNMM, MMM
The FAC rolled right in, with his smoke to mark
 exactly where that truck was parked
And the rest is still in doubt, cause he never pulled out
 MMM, MMM, MMM
Dear Mom your son is dead, he bought the farm today
 He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Min highway
He made a rocket pass, and the he busted his ass.
 HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!
How did he go - STRAIGHT IN
What was he doing? - 351, Whooee, Hell of a Deal!

SAMMY SMALL

Oh my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all
 Oh my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball
 But it's better than none at all, so Fuck 'em all

 Oh they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all
 Oh they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all
Oh they say I shot him dead with a piece of Fuckin' lead
 Now the silly Fucker's dead, so Fuck 'em all
GONNA SWING-
Oh they say I'm gonna swing, from a piece of Fuckin' string
What a silly Fuckin' thing, so Fuck 'em all
SHERIFF-
Oh the Sheriff will be there too, with his silly Fuckin' crew
They've got Fuck all else to do, so Fuck 'em all
PARSON-
Oh the Parson he will come, with his words of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung, so Fuck 'em all
HANGMAN-
Oh the Hangman wears a mask, for his silly Fuckin' task
He can shove it up his all, so Fuck 'em all
GREASED THE ROPE-
Oh they say I greased the rope, with a piece of Fuckin' soap
What a silly Fuckin' joke, so Fuck 'em all
MOLLY-
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so Fuckin' proud
That I shouted right out loud - **FUCK 'EM ALL**

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the road side
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy
The hair was all gone from her head

And as I lay down there beside her
I knew right away that I had sinned
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in
CHORUS

Sucked out, Sucked out
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in
Sucked out, Sucked out
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man.
The wind from her bloomers, broke six windows,
And the cheeks of her ass went BAM, BAM, BAM

"MIG drivers blow DEAD GOATS"
Unknown

BIG FUCKING WHEEL

There once was a man condemned to die
I know not where, I know not why
But he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could not be satisfied

So he built him a wheel, a big fucking wheel
And on it he mounted a big prick of steel
Two balls of brass, that he filled with cream
And the whole goddam issue was powered by steam

CHORUS

Around and around went the big fucking wheel
In and out went the big prick of steel
In and out until she cried: Enough, Enough, I'm Satisfied!

There was just one thing wrong with it
There was no way of stopping it
And split hiw wife from her cunt to her tits
And the whole goddam issue was covered with shit

CHORUS

Around and around went the big fucking wheel
In and out went the big prick of steel
In and out until she cried: Enough, Enough, I'm Satisfied!

ATOMIC POWER

There will be a great day a comming
for the foes of all mankind
They must answer to the people
and it's troubling their minds
Everyone who must fear them will
rejoice on that great day
When the powers of dictatorship
have faded all away
CHORUS

ATOMIC POWER , ATOMIC POWER
IT WAS GIVEN BY THE MIGHTY HAND OF GOD
ATOMIC POWER, ATOMIC POWER
IT WAS GIVEN BY THE MIGHTY HAND OF GOD

Hiroshima, Nagasaki paid a high
price for their sins
SCORCHED from the face of Earth
their powers could not win
Listen mighty brothers
don't take away the joy
Use it for the good of man
and never to destroy
CHORUS

MY HUSBANDS A COLONEL

My husband's a Colonel, a Colonel
A very fine Conolel is he
All day he fucks off, he fucks off, he fucks off,
And at night he comes home and fucks me.

CHORUS

Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band
follow the band, follow the band
Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band
join in our happy song.

Repeat the verse using the folowing:

A Lieutenant Colonel.....	chews ass
A Major.....	screws me
A Captain.....	kisses ass
A Lieutenant.....	eats shit
A MAC Puke.....	bore holes
A REDEYE.....	beats mud

A fighter pilot is not drunk if he
can hold on to a single blade of
grass and not fall off of the face of Earth
Anonymous

"A mans flying ability may be perfect. He may be able to control the machine and handle it like no one else on earth, but if he goes into a fight and risks his life many times to get into the right position for a good shot and then upon arriving there, cannot hit his mark, he is useless!"

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